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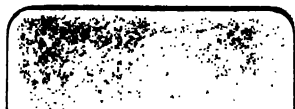
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176
Ann Payne
from the author.



St. John's
Kern









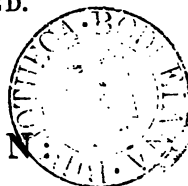
BUTTERMERE CHAPEL, CUMBERLAND.

THE CHOICE:
OR
LINES ON THE BEATITUDES:

BY
JAMES BUSH, M.A.

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LONDON:



R. SAYWELL, BEDFORD STREET, BEDFORD ROW;
BAILEY & SON, COCKERMOUTH; AND C. THURNAM, CARLISLE.

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THE CHOICE.

Lend me your ear a little space:
I sing of Nature and of Grace.

Saith Nature, My first good is health:
My next, to be of gentle birth:
My third is gold, not gained by stealth:
My fourth, convivial mirth.

These are my choicest wealth,

My heaven on earth.

Beauty and fame, though frail they be,

Are also of the family.

10

Saith Grace, And I have blessings, given

To raise the soul from earth to heaven.

For blessed are the poor in spirit!

Who all self-righteousness disown,

And, resting on a Saviour's merit
To rescue and atone,
A kingdom shall inherit,
A heavenly throne.

In their own eye each mote they find;
To beams within a brother's blind. 20
They see what shadows men pursue,
And feel themselves but shadows too.
But oh! what crowns shall they have on,
When all our tinsel glory's gone!

A show, that ends but in a shroud:—

Can dust and ashes then be proud?

Be proud, ye peacocks, of your plumage:

Ye eagles, of your wide domain:

Ye lions, of your forest's homage:

Ye serpents, of your shining train.

30

Thou bright-haired sun!

Be proud to run

A giant's course above our head:

And thou, fair moon!

Is this, too, blest? 'tis even so,

If patiently we bear the cross.

Death rends a partner from our side:

A child is torn from parents' knees:

A husband, in his manhood's pride,

Seeks glory on the distant seas.

Can monumental praise repair

The loss of one who sleeps beneath? 70

Can flowers, replaced with punctual care,

Revive the flower that's cropt by Death?

The brightest gleam that summer sees
Is not the source of nature's gladness:
But rain, that drops on grass and trees,—
The emblem of a spirit's sadness,—
'Tis this which makes the vallies sing;
With herbage fresh the fields adorning:
So heaviness, which night may bring,
Shall usher in the joy of morning.
But various are the springs of woe;
We mourn for sin, we mourn for loss:

Nor ever swerved since time began:

But sinners broke

His easy yoke;

And pride was never made for man.

Blessed are they that mourn aright!

Whose tears for sin are like a river: 50

Their God shall make the darkness light,

And give them cheerfulness for ever.

Thy milder noon
On weary traveller's path to shed.
Old ocean, swell
With pride, to tell
The wealth that o'er thy bosom glides:
And thou, wave on, 40
Great Lebanon,
The cedars of thy goodly sides.
Ye all fulfill
Your Maker's will,

Can cherished token ward the blow

That's levelled at a life so dear?

Do men in fight a thought bestow

On widow's or on orphan's tear?

Then, what can raise the downcast eye?

What charm can soothe the aching heart?

Hope of that home beyond the sky,

Where friends who meet shall never part. 80

Man is not born to flutter fair,

As butterflies in summer air:

As that leviathan, to play
In pastime through the watery way:
As opening flowers, the shade to shun,
And spread their beauties to the sun.
Each fly and fish and flower we see,
A warning is 'gainst vanity.
Yet there are pleasures, pure and holy,
Which even the mourner may allure,
And chase away his melancholy,
Or lessen, if they cannot cure.

For which no night is turned to day;

No costly equipage is needed:

No robes, of such a rich display

The wearer of them scarce is heeded:

But, wide as worlds, where'er we turn,

Creative goodness meets our view;

And, if our hearts are formed to burn,

It warms them, and it soothes them too. 100

The ocean's glow, the lake's soft blue;

The landscape gay, and sheltered nook;

The spangled heavens, and glittering dew ;

The roaring flood, and murmuring brook.

The mountain ash with fruits of fire,

The holly's coat of glossy green,

And, near some ancient village spire,

The venerable yew is seen,

With ample branches feathering o'er,

As if 't would gather in its shade

110

The race departed, as of yore

Their childhood in those branches played.

The corn, right welcome, when its ear

Quickens the hope of promised food,

And when the jocund teams appear

To make the gracious promise good.

The blushing rose, and lily fair,

The violet sweet, and dahlia bright,

Though each a queen beyond compare,

In perfect harmony unite.

120

Known or unknown each lettered name

In cabinet of curious lore ;

Exotics in the garden frame,

Or thistles on the common moor ;

Even every flower of every hue,

That's raised in beds, or wild in fields,

With every herb that sips the dew,

Its odour, use, or beauty yields :

While flocks a thousand hills enliven ;

And many a bird from neighbouring grove 130

With all his might addresses heaven,

To tell it of his joy and love.

These scenes, how far they pass man's art!

The more they're viewed, the more they shine ;
And through the senses to the heart
Proclaim their Architect divine.

Blest are the meek! no angry brow

Frowns, till it make a friend a foe :
Or, if unwitting they offend,
Soft answers make a foe a friend.

Content to be by most forgot,

If they're remembered still by some ;

Calm, in a dear familiar spot,

They wait till God shall bid them come.

They know that hours full swiftly glide

Between life's morn and even tide ;

And great the work that must be done,

Ere setting of that evening's sun :

While unto God alike appears

The darkness and the light :

The oak that stands a thousand years,

And mushroom of a night:

The most enduring empire's fall,

And crumbling of an earthen wall:

A hero's fame, a river's froth:

And crushed a Samson, as a moth:

They know that, were our globe to stray

From precincts of the solar day,

It were to God as if a mote

From its own sunny gleam should float:

160

Thirsting, yet not for cups of wine :

But to be holy, just, and good.

180

They shall be filled with better things

Than grace the festivals of kings.

When cheér is flowing,

And hearts are glowing ;

Above the board,

By slender thread,

Is hung a sword

High o'er the head :

None see it, but an unseen Eye,

That looks on all our revelry.

190

And when the hall

Is wild with brawl;

When a man laughs

At what he quaffs;

Tells his own wealth

Though no one hears;

Drinks his own health

For many years;

This world does love
All worlds above; 200
And dares his friend
To the world's end:—
When thus the fire
Mounts higher and higher;
Then, severed by an unseen hand,
The thread lets fall the sword like thunder:
And, as a wreck on enemies' strand,
There's nought but death, and fear, and wonder.

Yet think not that the grape's refused :
The Lord himself its goodness used ; 210
And, when it failed, created more,
To give new-wedded friends a store.
But moderate is the mess and bowl,
When thirst and hunger's in the soul :
When reverent thanks at household fare
For eucharistic feasts prepare :
And then that holier food shall be
The strength of immortality.

Blessed are they who mercy shew
To all the creatures here below : 220
To bird, and insect, fish, and beast,
Even from the greatest to the least.
For, tell me whether wouldst thou be,
If thou couldst have thy mind,
The lark, at heaven's gate singing free ;
Or in a cage confined :

The dog, that chases, blithe, his tail;

Or chained, the yard within:

The chafer, floating on the gale;

Or writhing on a pin?

230

The measure then of God's own hand,

Mete thou to all in thy command:

But chiefly to thy fellow kind,

In age, or childhood, grief, or pain:—

A Father's mercy thou shalt find,

Where none shall ever moan again.

If heaven were iron above,
And earth were brass beneath,
How should we miss His love!

And sigh for early death. 240

If heaven were ever bright,
And earth were ever green,
And day without a night;
And, by a hand unseen,
Each wish that promised pleasure
Were granted, soon as thought:

Each wind in ample measure
Blew all that fancy sought:
Or swallows on their wing
Bore burthen for our ships; 250
And bees, without a sting,
Dropt honey on our lips:
Away would Mercy go:
This were no world of woe.
From the pure ore to part the tin,
Man needs the fire of discipline:

But, lest the fire should quite destroy,
Comes Mercy with her sweet alloy.
Of Him who spake as ne'er man spake,

His church can this tradition prove : 260

“ To give's more blessed than to take : ”

A word that breathes of perfect love.

And sweeter than the shepherd's reed,

That wakes the echoes of the mountain ;

And sweeter than to pilgrim's need

The bubbling of the desert fountain,

The voice of them that part with all,
Constrained by Mercy far to roam,
To bear the glorious Gospel's call,
And bring the wandering heathen home. 270

The stars that gild the firmament
Shine not with such a light as they:
And when those mighty fires are spent,
These shall be yet an orient ray.

And blessed are the pure in heart!

Their eye, from carnal film set free,
Beyond the distant spheres shall dart,
The Great Invisible to see.

The loveliest form that ever shone

Upon a world's admiring eyes, 280
Shall be, when life awhile has gone,
A casket of deformities.

While souls to loathsome bodies married,
If, through the pain

Of sore and blain,
They see the hand, to kiss the rod,
Shall be by holy angels carried,
In robes as bright,
As morning light,
Into the presence of their God.

290

Blessed are they who peace ensue!
And, when 'tis broken, bind anew:

Who keep it with a miser's care

Who labour for it, as for food:

Nor whisper to the bird in air

A thought which burns twixt men of blood.

Their gentle hands

Untie the bands

That yoke the iron car:

Their tears, that flow

300

For others' woe,

Quench the red bolts of war.

They break the shield, and snap the spear,

And gardens in the desert make :

And God shall call them children dear ;

And Christ shall them for brethren take.

The blood with which Thy raiment shone,

O Prince of Peace ! was all thine own.

When ruthless havoc scares the vale ;

And slaughter mounts on blood-stained wing ; 310

When pestilence is in the gale ;

And want and woe in every thing :

Then, with those thoughts of love and pity

By only tender parents known,

As hills surround the holy city,

The heavenly Parent shields His own.

Ah! cruel man, to pity turn,

Nor quench the ray of love and light;

Till fire that's never quenched shall burn,

And worms that never die shall bite.

320

Blessed are they who taste the sword
For Christ and for His holy word !
They tread the path the fathers trod,
Who, for the word by Moses spoken,
Were ploughed and harrowed, as the sod,
Most fruitful when it most is broken :
And, fronting death in every form,
The pit, the saw,
The lion's maw,
In every form came off victorious :

And is the Christian zeal less warm?

When such as they

Beckon, Away!

And is the Christian hope less glorious?

The axe, that hews a martyr down,

Opens the passage to his crown:

He does but sleep to-night in sorrow,

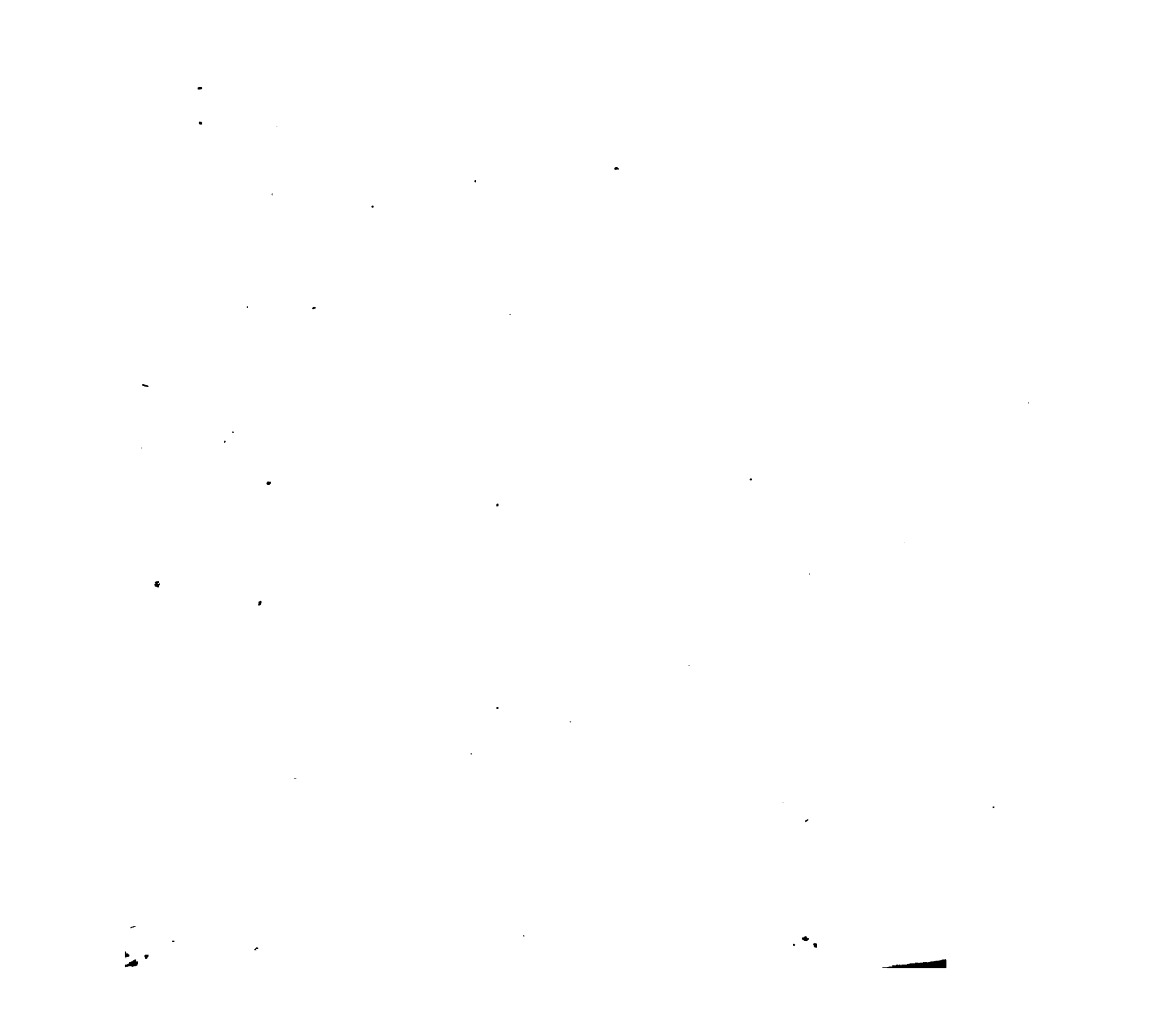
To wake in Paradise to-morrow.

Blessed are ye at whom is flung
The taunt of every envious tongue! 340
Because your life puts theirs to shame,
And turns to infamy their fame.

Despised on earth!
A theme for mirth,
From lips of lying men:
Your name shall sound
Heaven's courts around:
Your God your glory then.

Spirit of Wisdom! Aid our CHOICE
With whispers of Thy still, small, voice: 350
That we the better part, with Mary,
May choose, and from it never vary;
To sit with her at Jesus' feet,
Till Thou shalt make our spirits meet
For the inheritance of light,
To dwell for ever in His sight.

The Engraving at the head of the above lines represents the old Chapel of Buttermere, which has been lately taken down, and a new one built at the sole cost of a stranger, the Reverend Vaughan Thomas, of Oxford.



OBSERVATIONS.

OUR blessed Lord has taught us in the Beatitudes what Religion is.—I may, in contrast, be allowed to quote the words of a pious and wise writer, as to what it is not: “ I cannot speak of Religion, but I must lament that among so many pretenders to it, so few understand what it means; some pla-

cing it in the understanding, in orthodox notions and opinions; and all the account they can give of their Religion, is, that they are of this or the other persuasion, and have joined themselves to one of those many sects whereinto Christendom is most unhappily divided. Others place it in the outward man, in a constant course of external duties, and a model of performances; if they live peaceably with their neighbours, keep a temperate diet, observe the returns of worship, frequenting

the Church, or their closet, and sometimes extend their hands to the relief of the poor, they think they have sufficiently acquitted themselves. Others again put all Religion in the affections, in rapturous heats and ecstatic devotion: and all they aim at, is to pray with passion, and think of Heaven with pleasure, and to be affected with those kind and melting expressions wherewith they court their Saviour, till they persuade themselves that they are mightily in love with Him, and from thence

assume a great confidence of their salvation, which they esteem the chief of christian graces. Thus are these things which have any resemblance of piety, and at the best are but means of obtaining it, or particular exercises of it, frequently mistaken for the whole of Religion: nay, sometimes wickedness and vice pretend to that name. I speak not now of those gross impieties wherewith the heathens were wont to worship their gods: there are but too many christians who would consecrate their

vices, and hallow their corrupt affections; whose rugged humour and sullen pride must pass for christian severity; whose fierce wrath and bitter rage against their enemies must be called holy zeal; whose petulancy towards their superiours, or rebellion against their governours, must have the name of christian courage and resolution.”—*Scougal, Life of God in the Soul of Man*, p. 3, edit. 1726.

Men fall the more readily into these awful

mistakes about religion, when they have first mistaken the right end of education; in which, as Lord Bacon observes, “ the greatest error of all the rest, is the mistaking or misplacing of the last or farthest end of knowledge: for men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge, sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite; sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight; sometimes for ornament and reputation; and sometimes to enable them to vic-

tory of wit and contradiction; and most times for lucre and profession; and seldom sincerely to give a true account of their gift of reason, to the benefit and use of men: as if there were sought in knowledge a couch, whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrass for a wandering and variable mind, to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort or commanding ground for strife and contention; or a shop for

profit or sale ; and not a rich store-house for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate."—*Advancement of Learning*, Works, vol. ii., p. 433, edit. 1730, fol.

L. 3. " Saith Nature." Some of the good things of Nature were suggested by the following drinking-song, quoted by Mr. Mitchell in a note on l. 477 of the *Acharnians* of Aristophanes :

Ἵγιαίνειν μὲν ἀρίστον ἀνδρὶ θνητῷ·

δευτερον δὲ καλὸν φῦαν γενεσθαι·

τὸ τρίτον δὲ πλουτεῖν ἀδολῶς·

καὶ τὸ τέταρτον ἥβαν μετὰ τῶν φίλων.

L. 19. “ In their own eye each mote they find.” “ The man who will not look into the state of his affairs in this world, must be ruined in this world: the man who will not look into the state of his soul, must be ruined for ever.”—

A. W. Hare, Sermons on Lord's Prayer, 6th part.

L. 25. “ A Show.” What show is vainer than a showy shroud? The finery of the living is ridiculous; of the dead, disgusting. Why should we not lie in our coffins in the same garments in

which we lie in our beds, with no other ornament than perfect cleanliness?

L. 42. "The Cedars." Maundrell visited them on Sunday the 9th of May 1697. "Despairing of any other opportunity," says he, "I made another attempt this day to see the Cedars and Canobine. Having gone for three hours across the plain of Tripoli, I arrived at the foot of Libanus, and from thence continually ascending, not without great fatigue, came in four hours and a half to

small village called Eden, and in two hours and a half more to the Cedars. These noble trees grow amongst the snow near the highest part of Lebanon, and are remarkable as well for their own age and largeness, as for those frequent allusions made to them in the Word of God. Here are some of them very old, and of a prodigious bulk; and others younger of a smaller size. Of the former I could reckon up only sixteen; and the latter are very numerous. I measured one of the largest,

and found it twelve yards six inches in girth, and yet sound; and thirty-seven yards in the spread of its boughs. At about five or six yards from the ground, it was divided into five limbs, each of which was equal to a great tree.”—*Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem*, p. 142, ed. 1707. Mr. Hartwell Horne, in his *Landscape Illustrations of Scripture*, observes that “in the year 1550, the old cedars are stated to have been twenty-eight; in 1575, twenty-four; in 1600, twenty-three; in

1738, fifteen; in 1810, twelve; and in 1818, when they were visited by Mr. Rae Wilson, they were reduced to seven. This traveller describes the few which he saw as being about fifteen feet in height, and twisted together; and, instead of spreading out their branches with a natural irregularity, they confined themselves to an uniform pyramidal cone.”
p. 89.

L. 46. “ But sinners broke.” “ The great mischief of the fall of Adam was, that it burst the

golden chain which bound man to God. Man broke loose from God, and made himself independent of Him, and left the safe and the straight way of His commandments, to walk in the light of his own eyes, and after the devices of his own heart. In short, man at the fall set up his own will against God's; and so his will became corrupt and tainted, as every thing must become when God's purifying Spirit leaves it. Man set up his own will. This is the great disease and the main

evil of our nature. It comes to us from our parents: it shews itself soon after our birth: and the seeds of it continue to lurk, even in the best of men, as long as they remain in the body.”—*A.*

W. Hare, Sermons on Lord's Prayer, 4th part.

L. 48. “ And pride.” “ Let the sea be proud, whose ‘ waves know their bounds ’; Let the beasts be proud, who live agreeable to the laws of their nature; the locusts and caterpillars ‘ who are God's armies ’; The ‘ wind and storm

that fulfil His word'; But let not man, the only rebel in nature, that stands distinguished from the rest of the creation, not so much by his reason as by his guilt, the only heir of wrath, and shame, and misery, let not him be proud; 'Pride was not made for' him."—*Dean Young, father of the Poet of the Night-Thoughts, his Sermon on the Blessedness of Humility*, vol. I., p. 116, ed. 1702.

L. 71. "Can flowers, replaced." The simple and affecting custom of planting flowers and ever-

greens over the graves of departed friends, is more prevalent in Wales than in England. That it is found also in Ireland appears from the following passage in Lady Chatterton's agreeable "Rambles in the South of Ireland during the year 1838": "We went yesterday to morning service at the pretty church of Castle Townsend, which stands on the brow of a woody height overlooking the village and bay, with its fine headlands and creeks. The churchyard is in the beautiful

park of Colonel Townsend, and contains some venerable elm and ash trees. But what pleased me more than the fine views of land and sea, seen through the branches of these old trees, were the flowers and shrubs which had been planted around many of the graves. I remarked one in particular, where sweet peas formed a fragrant arch over a small stone; a larger grave-stone near it was surrounded with myrtles and hydrangias."—Vol. I., chap. ii.

The same pleasing authoress describes another touching instance, at Quin Abbey, in the County of Clare, of the regard which the Irish have to the graves of their friends: “ While we were in the abbey, the funeral procession of a young girl entered the ruined building, and, as is always the case in Ireland, several groups dispersed themselves in various directions, each to weep over the grave of their friends. I remarked one girl particularly, who knelt at a tomb, which, from its grass-grown

appearance, seemed to have been there a long time; she must have been quite young when she lost the friend or relative who reposed in it; but the expression of solemn concern on her countenance showed how deeply she still revered the memory of that departed one. The prayer thus offered up at the grave of a long-lost friend, must have a beneficial effect on the character, and I cannot but feel a respect for a custom so calculated to do good."—Vol. II., chap. ix.

L. 76 “On widow’s or on orphan’s tear.” It is impossible to name all the passages of the Old Testament, in which Almighty God had regard to widows and orphans. See, among others, the six last verses of Deut. xxiv. In the New Testament we read of the special care of widows in Acts vi., 1: 1 Tim. v., 3, 9, 16; and of the fatherless and widows in James i., 27. Seldom have the embarrassments of widowhood been so feelingly described as in the address to St. Chrysostom from

his mother, when she urged him to remain with her; as he reports her speech near the beginning of his work on the Priesthood.—Sir H. Savile's ed., tom. VI., p. 2.

L. 116. "The gracious promise" after the flood. Genesis viii., 22.

L. 137. "No angry brow." "Anger may kindle in the breast of a wise man, but rests only in the bosom of a fool."—*Scougal, Sermon on Luke vi., 27.*

L. 143. "Calm in some dear familiar spot." Goldsmith in "The Deserted Village" makes it a feature in his character of a country clergyman, supposed to be drawn from his father, the Reverend Charles Goldsmith, that he "nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place." A great instance of long abode in one spot is that of Bishop Sanderson, a man eminently calculated to attract notice by wandering, if such had been his aim: "the humble and learned Dr. Sanderson was more than

forty years Parson of Boothby Pannel, and from thence dated all or most of his matchless writings.” “ Nevertheless, Dr. Sanderson could neither live safe, nor quietly, being several times plundered, and once wounded in three places; but he, apprehending the remedy might turn to a more intolerable burthen by impatience or complaining, forbore both: and possessed his soul in a contented quietness, without the least repining.”—*Walton's Life of him, prefixed to the eighth edition of his Sermons*, pp. 10, 32.

L.157. “ Were our globe to stray.” “ He that hath accustomed himself to consider the vastness of the universe, and the small proportion which the point we live in bears to the rest of the world, may perhaps come to think less of the possessions of some acres, or of that fame which can at most spread itself through a small corner of this earth. Whatever be in this, sure I am that the knowledge of God, and the frequent thoughts of Heaven, must needs prove far more effectual to elevate and

aggrandize the mind. When once the soul by contemplation is raised to any right apprehension of the divine perfections, and the foretastes of celestial bliss, how will this world and all that is in it vanish and disappear before his eyes? With what holy disdain will he look down upon things, which are the highest objects of other men's ambitious desires? All the splendor of courts, all the pageantry of greatness, will no more dazzle his eyes, than the faint lustre of a glow-worm will

trouble the eagle after it hath been beholding the sun. He is little concerned who obtained this dignity, or that fortune, who sits highest at table, or goes first out of the door; his thoughts are taken up with greater matters, how he shall please his Maker, and obtain an interest in that land of promise, some of the fruits whereof he hath already tasted. And from thence ariseth that constant and equal frame of spirit which the pious man's mind maintains in all the changes and vicissitudes of things."—*Scougal, Sermon on Prov. xii., 26.*

L. 173. "With thoughts thus tranquillized and even." "Let your progress toward godliness be like that of the gentle stream, which neither murmurs, nor chafes, nor dashes against its banks, but keeps ever flowing on and on, until it fulfils the task which God has set it, and loses its own littleness by mingling with the mighty waters."—*A. W. Hare, Sermons on Lord's Prayer*, 3rd part.

L. 187. "Is hung a sword." Damocles flattered Dionysius, a tyrant of Sicily, calling him the

happiest man on earth. Dionysius, who had himself risen from the condition of a secretary, saw through the flattery, and ordered Damocles to undertake his duties for a while, and enjoy his happiness. The flatterer ascended the throne, and observed a sword suspended over his head by horse-hair. This put to flight his sense of happiness in a moment; and he begged Dionysius to allow him to descend from a position, where he could enjoy nothing for his fears.

L. 207. “ And as a wreck.” The death, fear, and wonder, before and after a wreck, is thus described by one of the most animated writers we have, the Honourable John Byron, afterwards Commodore. “ In the morning, about four o’clock, the ship struck. The shock we received upon this occasion, though very great, being not unlike a blow of a heavy sea, such as in the series of preceding storms we had often experienced, was taken for the same; but we were soon undeceived.”

by her striking again more violently than before, which laid her upon her beam ends, the sea making a fair breach over her. Every person that now could stir was presently upon the quarter-deck; and many even of those were alert upon this occasion, that had not shewed their faces upon deck for above two months before: several poor wretches, who were in the last stage of the scurvy, and who could not get out of their hammocks, were immediately drowned.

“ In this dreadful situation she lay for some little time, every soul on board looking upon the present minute as his last ; for there was nothing to be seen but breakers all around us. However, a mountainous sea hove her off from thence; but she presently struck again, and broke her tiller. In this terrifying and critical juncture, to have observed all the various modes of horror operating according to the several characters and complexions amongst us, it was necessary that the

observer himself should have been free from all impressions of danger. Instances there were, however, of behaviour so very remarkable, they could not escape the notice of any one who was not entirely bereaved of his senses; for some were in this condition to all intents and purposes; particularly one, in the ravings despair brought upon him, was seen stalking about the deck, flourishing a cutlass over his head, and calling himself king of the country, and striking every body he came near, till his compan-

ions, seeing no other security against his tyranny, knocked him down. Some, reduced by long sickness and the scurvy, became on this occasion as it were petrified and bereaved of all sense, like inanimate logs, and were bandied to and fro by the jerks and rolls of the ship, without exerting any efforts to help themselves. So terrible was the scene of foaming breakers around us, that one of the bravest men we had could not help expressing his dismay at it, saying it was too shocking

a sight to bear; and would have thrown himself over the rails of the quarter-deck into the sea, had he not been prevented." The author then mentions some instances of heroic presence of mind, and proceeds to tell what occurred after the wreck. "It is natural to think, that to men thus upon the point of perishing by shipwreck, the getting to land was the highest attainment of their wishes; undoubtedly it was a desirable event; yet, all things considered, our condition was but little mended by

the change. Which ever way we looked, a scene of horror presented itself: on one side, the wreck (in which was all that we had in the world to support and subsist us), together with a boisterous sea, presented us with the most dreary prospect; on the other, the land did not wear a much more favourable appearance: desolate and barren, without sign of culture, we could hope to receive little other benefit from it than the preservation it afforded us from the sea. It must be confessed this was a

great and merciful deliverance from immediate destruction; but then we had wet, cold, and hunger, to struggle with, and no visible remedy against any of these evils. Exerting ourselves, however, though faint, benumbed, and almost helpless, to find some wretched covert against the extreme inclemency of the weather, we discovered an Indian hut, at a small distance from the beach, within a wood, in which as many as possible, without distinction, crowded themselves, the night coming on

exceedingly tempestuous and rainy. But here our situation was such as to exclude all rest and refreshment by sleep from most of us ; for besides that we pressed upon one another extremely, we were not without our alarms and apprehensions of being attacked by the Indians, from a discovery we made of some of their lances and other arms in our hut ; and our uncertainty of their strength and disposition gave alarm to our imagination, and kept us in continual anxiety. In this miserable

hovel, one of our company, a lieutenant of invalids, died this night; and of those who for want of room took shelter under a great tree, which stood them in very little stead, two more perished by the severity of that cold and rainy night. In the morning, the calls of hunger, which had been hitherto suppressed by our attention to more immediate dangers and difficulties, were now become too importunate to be resisted. We had most of us fasted eight and forty hours, some more; it was time,

therefore, to make enquiry among ourselves what store of sustenance had been brought from the wreck by the providence of some, and what could be procured on the island by the industry of others: but the produce of the one amounted to no more than two or three pounds of biscuit dust reserved in a bag; and all the success of those who ventured abroad, the weather being still exceedingly bad, was to kill one sea-gull, and pick some wild celery.”—*Narrative of the Loss of the Wager,*

Man of War, on the Coast of Patagonia in 1740,
pp. 9, 17, 2nd ed. 1768.

L. 215. "When reverent thanks." For grace before meat we have the example of the blessed Jesus himself,—Mat. xiv. 19. xv. 36. xxvi. 27. Mark xiv. 22, 23. Luke xxii. 17. That the custom was anterior to the coming of Christ,—see 1 Sam. ix. 13. "The people will not eat until he" Samuel "come, because he doth bless the sacrifice, afterwards they eat that be bidden."

L. 221. "To bird, and insect, fish, and beast."
That advocate of mercy to the inferior creatures, the Reverend Henry Crowe, Vicar of Buckingham, writes thus in *Zoophilos*: "I have known and yet know many men possessing true principles of benevolence, and moral obligation, who join, and with keenness, in the sports of the field. Yet I must be allowed to say, that this is done during the slumber of reason, and that on these occasions they disregard or suppress those feelings which mature

reflection would excite. This effect is, I suspect, especially produced by the eagerness of the chase, the animating scene of hounds and horn, and the presence of cheerful, gay society: all which gratifications are doubtless supplied by this species of amusement. But when these emotions are past, let them ask themselves calmly, whether such diversion be in a moral light justifiable, or will bear the test of serious and unprejudiced retrospect. I then would leave the answer to their own sincerity

and good sense. The ‘*empta dolore voluptas*’ would, I think, here be found applicable in a two-fold sense.” “The occupation of a butcher is blameless, is of manifest utility and necessity; but the horrid and offensive scene of slaughter is generally, and very properly, removed from our sight. I cannot easily imagine any one so grossly unfeeling, as to take a gratification in beholding it. If he did, his conduct probably would be reprobated by universal indignation: yet, to say the truth, I

cannot help tracing (even if unjustly) some similitude between him and a sportsman." "By way of a *salvo* to the humanity, of which he" the poet Thomson "would never be thought to lose sight, he begins his instructions with dissuading us from baiting with worms, but to use the artificial fly. He then describes all the pleasures of the sport at large: observes that if we catch a fish too small to be of any use, 'a worthless prey' as he says, we should throw it into the water again,

‘ piteous of its youth,’ but not so ‘ piteous ’ of its torn mouth or entrails. If we should be so fortunate as to hook a large pike, we are to give it line, to let it have play till tired, and then to drag it out exultingly—the agony which it suffers all the while being no consideration to the gentle bard.” Again, “ The author,” Isaac Walton in his ‘ Complete Angler,’ “ mingles reflections on the vanity of the world, and all human pursuits, with a variety of instructions in his art; amongst which

is the use of frogs, small fish, worms, insects, and flies, to be put alive on the hook. Some of them are intended to remain thus impaled for days or weeks. 'A dead worm' he says 'is but a dead bait, and like to catch nothing, compared to a lively, quick, stirring worm.' Of fish as live bait, he recommends roach and dace, but a perch, he tells us, is the longest lived on a hook. He then directs the cutting off the fin from its back, which, he adds 'may be done without hurting him!'

then having made an incision between the head, and that fin, to pass the wire, to which the hook is fastened, carefully between the skin and the body, and draw it out at another incision by the tail. In this state he is to remain till he dies of anguish, or is devoured by a pike. A frog is to be used thus: the above wire is to be put into his mouth, out at the gills, and then to be sewed to his leg with a fine needle and silk. In doing this, he tells us ‘to use him as if we loved him, that is,

harm him as little as we may possibly, that he may live the longer!’ Yet this is nothing to what follows. The live bait, thus prepared, is suspended by the line to a float, and left in waters which pike frequent. But we are further instructed, if we would heighten the sport, to tie the line to the limbs, or body, of a goose or duck, and chase or frighten it about the water!—with the hope of seeing the struggle between the pike, when hooked, and the bird! Here we have truly a choice picture

of *an amusement*. Two animals, the bait and pike, put to inexpressible torment, and the third at least terrified and teased, if not maimed and disabled! Could the imagination of Dante paint to itself a more appropriate *amusement* for a demon?"—*Zoophilos*, pp. 16, 18, 26, 27. "He" man "makes use of the enmity of one creature against another to turn it into amusement for himself. He finds horses, and dogs, and foxes ready, and laying hold of their fallen propensities—laying hold of the

image of Satan in them, he delights in it, and joins in the loud cry that has emanated from hell."

—*Rev. Hugh McNeile's Sixth Sermon on Advent.*

The author of the Lines on the Beatitudes would not be understood to condemn the destruction of animal life, when the living animal is hurtful, or the dead is required for food ; and when it is done with care to inflict as little pain as possible. But to take pastime in doing it can scarcely be acceptable in the sight of Him Who

is the Giver of Life to them as well as to us. Such pleasure is as if a Being superior to man should take pleasure in the destruction of man. God disclaims it with a question, with a simple declaration, and with an oath. "Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die?" "I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth." "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked."—Ezekiel, xviii. 23, 32. xxxiii. 11. We learn who it is that takes this pleasure, which God disclaims:—1 Pet. v. 8.

L. 233. “To thy fellow kind.” “Conceive man with a heart full of wrath against his neighbour,—with a memory which treasures up the wrongs and insults and provocations he fancies himself to have received from that neighbour,—conceive such a man praying to God most high, to forgive him his trespasses, as he forgives the man who has trespassed against him. What the mouth of such a man do these words mean? They mean but that you may more fully

understand their meaning, I will turn them into a prayer, which we will call the prayer of the unforgiving man: "O God, I have sinned against Thee many times, from my youth up until now. I have often been forgetful of Thy goodness: I have not duly thanked Thee for Thy mercies: I have neglected Thy service: I have broken Thy laws: I have done many things utterly wrong against Thee. All this I know: and beside this doubtless I have committed many secret sins, which

in my blindness I have failed to notice. Such is my guiltiness, O Lord, in Thy sight: deal with me, I beseech Thee, even as I deal with my neighbour. He has not offended me one tenth, one hundredth part as much as I have offended Thee: but he has offended me very grievously; and I cannot forgive him. Deal with me, I beseech Thee, O Lord, as I deal with him. He has been very ungrateful to me,—though not a tenth, not a hundredth part as ungrateful as I have been to Thee:

yet I cannot overlook such base and shameful ingratitude. Deal with me, I beseech Thee, O Lord, as I deal with him. I remember and treasure up every little trifle, which shews how ill he has behaved to me. Deal with me, I beseech Thee, O Lord, as I deal with him. I am determined to take the very first opportunity of doing him an ill turn. Deal with me, I beseech Thee, O Lord, as I deal with him.”—*A. W. Hare, Sermons on Lord’s Prayer*, 6th part.

L. 261. “To give.” Acts xx. 35.

L. 271. "The stars." Daniel xii. 3.

L. 287. "By holy angels." Luke xvi. 22.

L. 307. "The blood." The figurative from His enemies: Isaiah lxiii. 1.—the real from Himself.

L. 309. "When ruthless Havoc." The following texts will shew God's care for those who serve Him in afflictive circumstances. Gen. xxxi. 24. xxxix. 21. 1 Kings xvii. 6. 2 Kings vi. 17. Luke xxii. 43. Acts v. 19. xii. 7. xviii. 9, 10. xxviii. 5.

L. 315. "As hills." Ps. cxxv. 2.

L. 326. "When it most is broken." Hence, say the Lexicons, לרס from לר , גה from $\alpha\gamma\omega$, terra from tero, ground from grind.

L. 328. "The pit." Jeremiah. "The saw." Isaiah.

L. 329. "The lion's maw." Daniel.

L. 340. "The taunt of every envious tongue."
 "How many men are there, who would be surprised and greatly offended, if they were told that

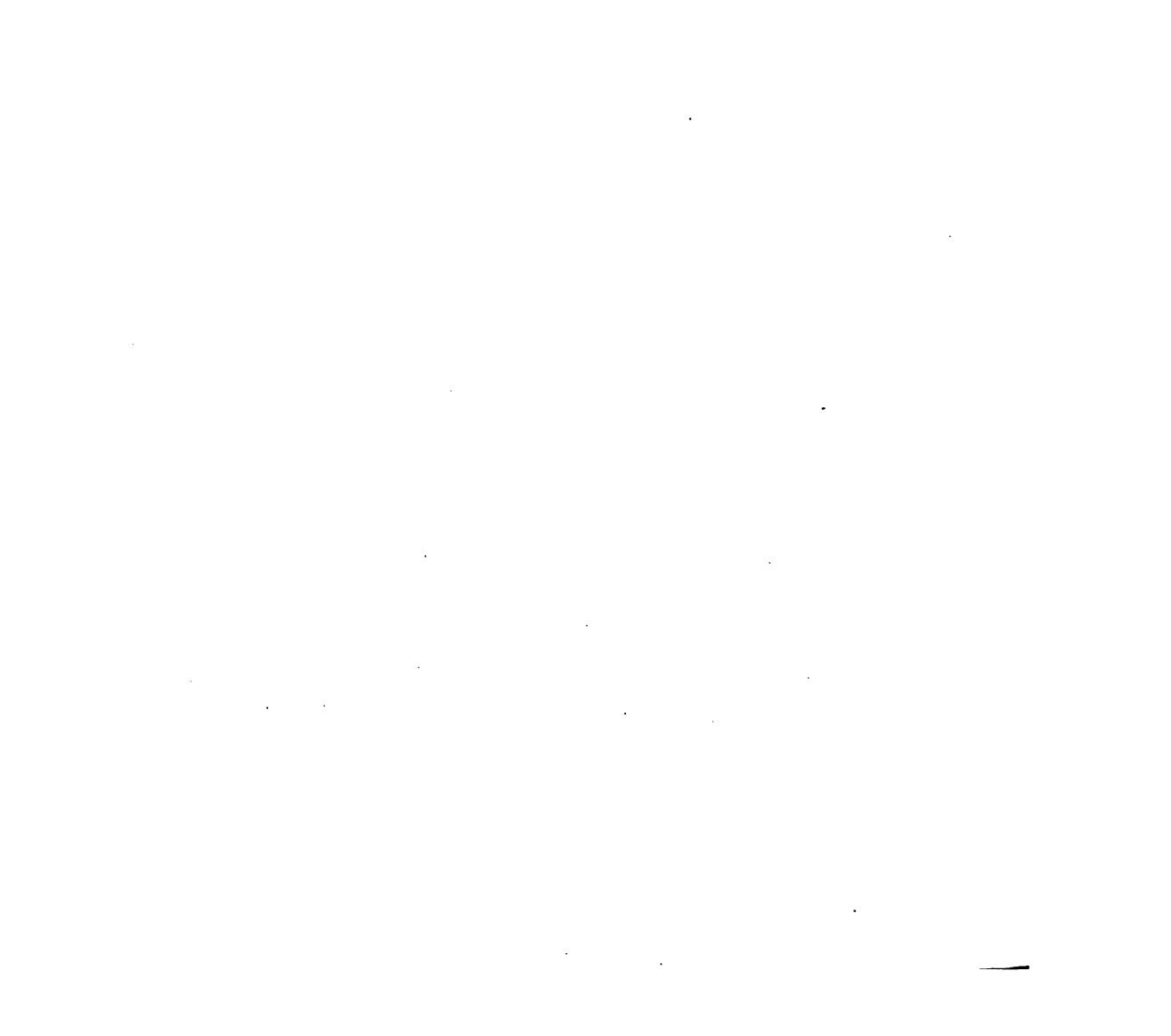
they do not hallow God, and who nevertheless are in the habit of jeering and sneering at all such persons as shew what they deem an over-scrupulous anxiety to hallow God's name in every thing they say and do! Many are they who will speak scornfully of such persons, especially if they happen to make a slip. How unreasonable is this, as well as unchristian! No one, so long as he continues here on earth, can become perfect in all the graces of the Christian life. The hill of god-

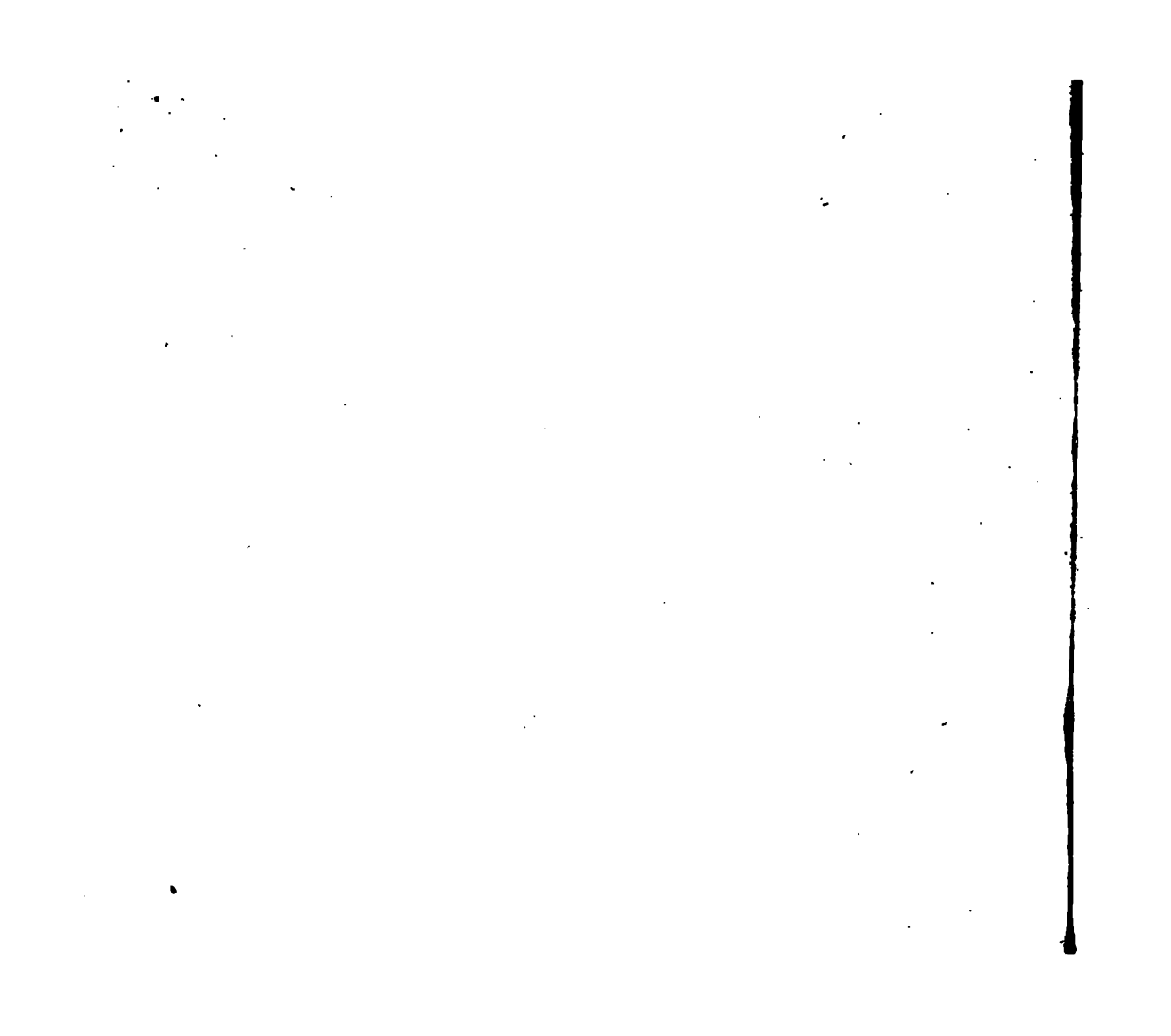
liness is steep and slippery; and hardly any foot is so steady, that it will not falter and give way now and then, especially in the lower part of the ascent. If two brothers were travelling together, a long and toilsome journey, to their father's home, and one of them were to stumble or fall by the way, would it be brotherly in the other to laugh at him, to spit upon him, to cry shame upon him, and thus to dishearten him for the rest of the road? Would their father look with favour on

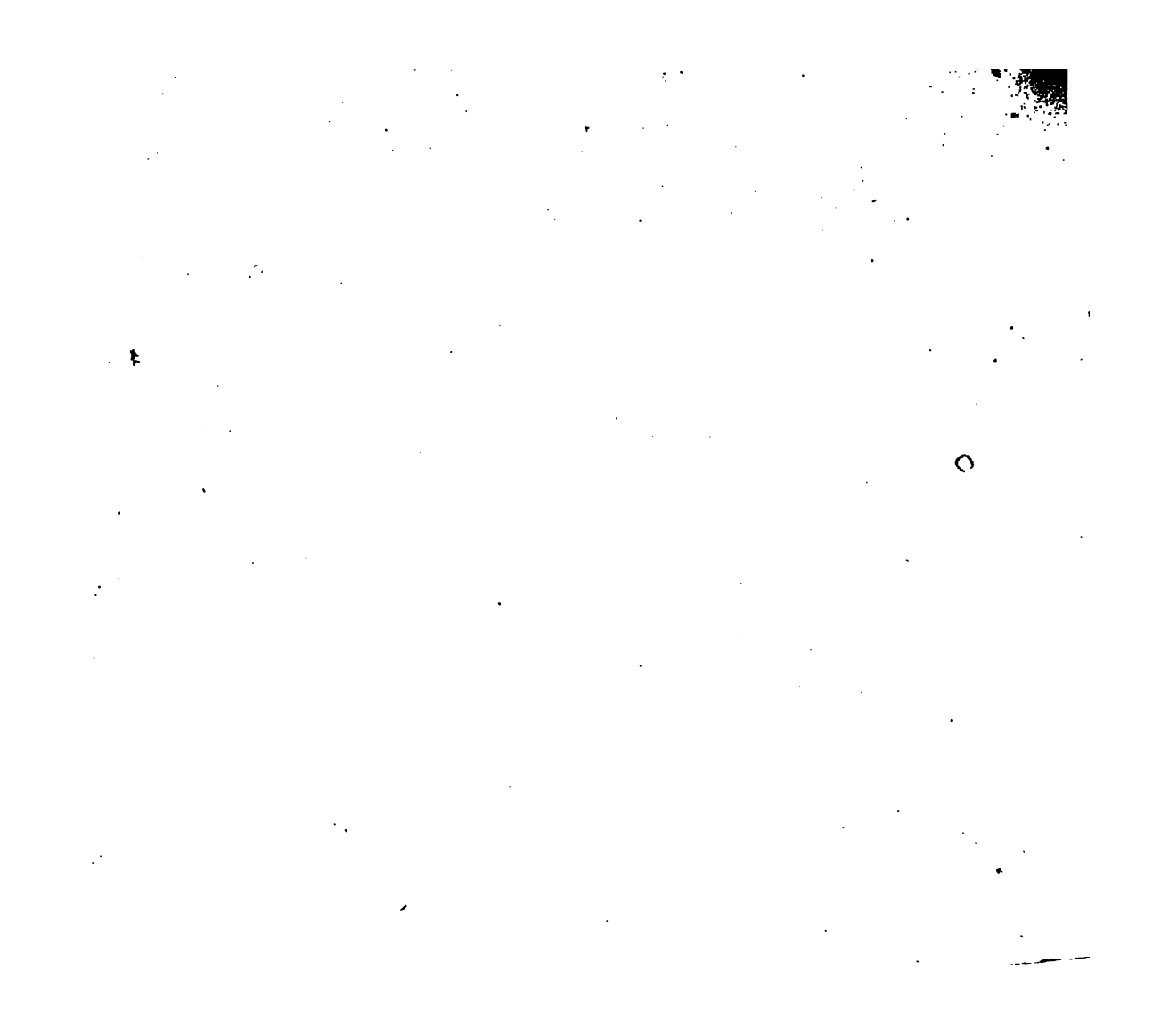
a brother who had behaved in such a manner? Would it not be the part of a brother to help up him who had fallen, to cheer him, and to give him an arm to lean on until he had recovered his strength? So do ye, when any brother offends. Comfort him; help him out of his strait; pray to God to help him, and to blot out his sin, so that His name may again be hallowed in the life of His faithful servant.”—*A. W. Hare, Sermons on Lord's Prayer, 2nd part.*

They whom the Lord has blessed are the excellent ones of the earth: and we should love them greatly. How much more should we love God! concluding, with Scougal, “that if there be so much sweetness in a drop, there must be infinitely more in the fountain; if there be so much splendor in a ray, what must the sun be in its glory?”

THE END.









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